

# THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

ROSS & ROSSER, Publishers.

MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1862.

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 20

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## THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
ROSS & ROSSER,  
Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, KY., NOVEMBER 6, 1862.

### MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

The Despot's heel is on thy shore,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
His touch is at thy temple door,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Avenge the patriotic gore,  
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle Queen of yore,  
Maryland, My Maryland.

Hark to a wandering son's appeal,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
My mother state, to thee I kneel,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
For life or death, for woe or weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beautiful limbs with steel,  
Maryland, My Maryland.

Thou shalt not cover in the dust,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Thy beaming sword shall not rust,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,  
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,  
And all thy slumberers with the just,  
Maryland, My Maryland.

Come for thy shield is bright and strong,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Come for thy dalliance does thee wrong,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Come to thine own heroic throng,  
That talks with liberty along,  
And give a new key to thy song,  
Maryland, My Maryland.

Dear mother burst the tyrant's chain,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Virginia should not call in vain,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
She meets her sisters on the plain,  
She wears the proud and noble strain,  
That baffles millions back again,  
Maryland, My Maryland.

I see the blush upon thy cheek,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
But thou waverest bravely meek,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,  
From hill to hill from creek to creek,  
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,  
Maryland, My Maryland.

I hear the distant thunder hum,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
The old lines bugle, life and drum,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
She is not deaf, nor dead, nor dumb!  
Huzza! she springs the Northern drum!  
She breathes, she burns, she comes, she comes,  
Maryland, My Maryland.

### A Tender Epistle.

Love is no dream, as the following bill-  
deux picked up in front of the post office  
will show:

My Dear Sweetest Dicky—I am so happy  
to hear from you so often—it affords me such  
great pleasure. You always was so dear to  
me. I hope you will soon be dearest.  
You know that I never hinted nothing  
about marriage and never meant to—take  
your own time for that. I shall always re-  
member the old saying, procreation is the  
chief of time, but mother says nothing  
should be done in a hurry, except kitchen  
flees.

The fondest wish of my heart is that we  
may soon become one. Do you read Frank  
lin's Extracts—his remarks concerning mar-  
riage is delightful. Our hearts be set, they  
ought to be heterogeneous so that our union  
may be mixed as nothing—not like oil and  
water, but like tea and shugger. Truly I  
can feel for the mortal Watts when he sez—

The rows is red the velvet bow,  
Shugger's sweet and so are you,  
Mother says matrimony is better to think  
of than the reality.

I remaine till death or marriage, your own  
sweet candy.  
Mary Ann.

N. P. I had a cuzzin married last month  
who sez there sint no true enjoyment but in  
the married state.  
Mary Ann.

P. M. I hope you will let me know what  
you mean to do, as there is four or five  
fellows after me hot foot, and I shall be  
quite uneasy till I hear.  
Your loving sweet,  
MARY ANN.

POLISH PRYTY.—In removing to a new  
farm it is always customary in Poland to  
have it solemnly blessed by a priest. In  
fact God's blessing is invoked upon every  
undertaking, and trivial domestic arrange-  
ments and duties. No cook will as much  
as put a batch of bread into the oven with-  
out having first made the sign of the cross  
over it, to ensure a satisfactory result. One  
of the national characteristics is strong reli-  
gious feeling, and an ever present conviction  
of a watchful Providence.

Q.—Are you near sighted, Miss? said  
an imperfect fellow to a young lady that  
did not choose to recognize him. Yes, at  
this distance I can hardly tell whether you  
are a pig or a puppy.

Speech of Hon. R. G. Hutchens—The  
Political Campaign in New York.  
A remarkable and Eloquent Speech for the  
Union and Constitution, Delivered at the  
Democratic Headquarters in New York—  
The Democratic and Abolition Rule Contrasted.

[EXTRACT.]

Behold the present condition of the peo-  
ple, no longer a prosperous, mighty and free  
people, and an object of joy to despots, and  
of sorrow to all those who look on it as the  
hope of their future. This is the condition  
to which the theories of the Republican  
party have brought us. They have given us  
nothing in return, but have deprived us  
of the privileges that we possessed, as we  
believed, for our lives, and then to be an  
inheritance for our children. With all this  
most wonderful history of the past, to which  
I have referred, to glory in the midst of  
such unparalleled prosperity, while occupying  
such an imperial position among the  
nations—were heard the croakings of the  
ravens in the distant East. At first a lit-  
tle brood, but faintly heard and seen—black  
winged in plumage and ominous in sound—  
intermingling with the joyful voices of a  
happy people their hoarse and discordant  
and doleful cries. These black-winged and  
croaking ravens were the Beechers, Che-  
vers, Sumners, Wilson and Seward, the  
arch-ravens of them all; who after having  
kindled the fire, now stand appalled and  
conscience-stricken before the terrible con-  
flagration which is raging, and cries out, "I  
am a conservative!" [Great and continued  
applause.] This black brood—prolific and  
birds of ill-omen always are—soon over-  
spread the northern land. They bore with  
them desolation and death. They were the  
forerunners of war, carnage and misery.  
The chiefs of these ravens clustered in a  
city in the West, where they chose a leader  
of the brood and hatched an outnumbering  
swarm. There they proclaimed a new theory  
of government, one prophesied a brighter  
reign of prosperity, happiness and peace  
than the country had ever before enjoyed.  
They predicted to us, under this new theory,  
a reformation not only in politics, and civil  
and social systems, but in commerce, trade,  
agriculture and every thing. They claimed  
that no longer would slavery be a subject of  
agitation throughout the land. They in-  
scribed on their banners, as their mock-war-  
riors bore them through the streets at night,  
and as they hung over the crowded thorough-  
fares, such bombast and promises as these:  
"Free Speech," "Free Press," "Free Homes,"  
"Free Men!" Prosperity unknown before  
was to be throughout the land, and peace  
was to sit down at her gates. [Cheers.]

What a sarcasm there is in the reality  
of the present! Free Speech! The crowded  
dungeons of Fort Lafayette, Fort Warren,  
and the Capitol Prison at Washington, an-  
swer this shibboleth of the election hour—  
Free Press! The Press of St. Petersburg,  
Vienna and Paris is the essence of liberty in  
comparison with our own. Free Homes!—  
The boast of Lord Chatham, that the King  
of England dare not enter the meanest cot-  
tage of the poorest man in England, with-  
out the authority and warrant of law, is no  
longer our boast. There is not the meanest  
hovel, the loftiest garret, nor the deepest  
cellar whose doors are not liable to be bro-  
ken into at this moment by the officers of  
the Superintendent of Police. Such acts  
would not be permitted under the reign of a  
Horatio Seymour! [Loud and continued  
cheers.] Free Men! It is the boast of those  
who live under the protection of the law,  
which bears proudly on its front, "personal  
freedom," that the person of the citizen is  
always shielded from illegal arrests and il-  
legal harm. And yet, even in despotic France,  
where the civil law is supreme, which claims  
no strict regard for personal rights of the  
citizen, where the great protecting writ of  
habeas corpus is unknown, the person of the  
citizen is safer to-day than it is here—  
There—where there is no Constitution like  
our own, embodying and reproducing among  
other great principles, the great assertion of  
the Petition of Rights, that no person should  
be detained in prison without having a  
speedy trial—even there the great elec-  
toral factors at the State, like Orsini, have a  
safe and speedy trial, and counsel can thun-  
der, as they dare not do here, against the  
iniquities, the corruption and tyranny of the  
Government, without fear, and where an in-  
terference by the Emperor would be scoured  
by judge and jury, and would raise a  
revolution which would shake even the Im-  
perial throne to its center. But here,  
where we believed was an inheritance of  
all those great writs of freedom from our  
English ancestors, who won them from King  
and wrestled them from Parliament—*Mag-  
na Charta*, the Petition and Bill of Rights,  
the Habeas Corpus Act, and even the Con-  
stitution of our land, which embodies and  
reproduces the great popular principles and  
assertions of those writs, are revoked by a  
Pennsylvania lawyer and a New York  
Fouche. [Applause.]

The Democratic party must save the  
country. The country appeals not only to  
a Democratic army, with the youthful  
Democratic General at its head, to preserve  
it against the armed assaults of rebels, but  
to the Democratic party to guard it against  
the no less dangerous attacks of the fanatics  
and traitors in our midst. It rests with  
the Democratic party to save this Govern-  
ment, which is drifting like a ship over the  
open sea, rudderless, dismantled, without  
even the smallest plea in the over hang-  
ing darkness to give light and hope, except  
it may be the faint dawning of the Demo-  
cratic victory in the East [cheers] to lead  
and guide her—to take the place of the  
drunken crew who are on board of her, and  
the imbecile pilot at her helm, who, while  
she is fast settling into the deep, clings for  
safety to the broken and rotten timbers of  
the platform of Chicago, looming up in the  
darkness before them [cheers].

It rests with the Democratic party of this  
State whether this magnificent polity—the  
ultimate and consummate realization—the  
master-piece of civil structure—shall be lost  
through the insanity and imbecility of its  
present rulers, and the visionary theories of  
the Republican party, or whether it shall  
have a renewed lease of power, prosperity  
and grandeur. As the best eulogium of the

Democratic party is the past history of this  
country, so the best proof that it can save it,  
is that even amid the shock and storm of  
battle, it does not swerve from its own policy—  
that it still proclaims its old faith, and re-  
cites the articles of its ancient ritual. It  
proclaims no other creed than the Constitu-  
tion and the laws, as springing from any  
based on the Constitution. It deals in no  
Utopian theories, but is satisfied with the  
Union as it was. [Great applause.]

Besides these violations of our Constitu-  
tional and personal rights, in place of the  
peace prosperity and happiness which these  
Republican oracles predicted for us, we have  
had war, bankruptcy, and mourning through-  
out the land. In the Senate house, where  
Webster and Clay taught those grand and  
enduring lessons of patriotism for the youth  
of the country, have been heard the voices  
of the Senators of the Republic calling for  
war-leaders, the result of which would be  
the inauguration of a second San Domingo  
massacre. Under the Republican policy,  
within less than two years, this nation, which  
under Democratic leaders, was reaching the  
acme of civilization, has been relapsing into  
the most ancient and the blackest barbarism.  
And while the destinies of the Republic  
have been trembling in the balance, and  
the people—especially the Democratic—  
have been giving themselves, their lives;  
and pouring out their money like water for  
the cause of a betrayed Union and a violated  
Constitution—the Republican Cabinet and  
the Republican Congress have been plotting  
and organizing disaster and defeat to our  
arms, and—almost impossible to conceive,  
but yet it is the truth—calculated with  
mathematical precision, how many lives of  
the noble Democratic youths, who craved  
their arms and sprang into the ranks of the  
army of the Union, on the call of a Republi-  
can President, they must sacrifice before  
they arouse them to the fiendish enthusiasm  
of themselves to demand a war policy,  
whose history will be that of the San Do-  
mingo massacre, of outrage and assassination  
of poor defenseless women and children of  
the Anglo-Saxon race, by slaves changed into  
demons of lust and blood. [Cheers.]

It rests with the Democratic party to save  
the Republic. True it is, that New York  
State is but one of the thirty-four. But  
she is New York State. She must lead in  
the great revolution of the people. As she  
leads, so follow the other States. Her po-  
sition will not be merely one of entreaty,  
nor even of example, but one of command,  
in the form of an official popular mandate.  
If New York State, with her commanding  
geographical position, her great banking,  
commercial, manufacturing and trade inter-  
ests—New York, so cosmopolitan and con-  
tinental in the characteristics of her citizens,  
with but little of the characteristics of New  
England, where Black Republicanism thrives  
and is indigenous as an element of fanatism;  
with her peerless position among the  
States, declares for a change of measures and  
a change of men; let the Tenth of Novem-  
ber be what the Fourth of July, 1776, was  
to the Republic—it is as important a day for  
our liberties—what the immortal days of  
our history have been to the nation, on which  
we choose our leader, Horatio Seymour.  
On which day, before the assembled repre-  
sentatives of the Democracy of the State of  
New York at her capital, he, the brave chief-  
tain of the Democracy, declared that the  
Bastilles of the land must be leveled to the  
ground, the eggs to be taken out of the  
mouths of the citizens, the fetters and clogs  
removed from the printing press, that there  
should be no San Domingo massacres to re-  
deem the land with the blood of helpless wo-  
men and children, but from that day out  
there should be freedom of speech, freedom  
of the press, respect for the Constitution and  
the laws—that the war should go on with  
all the strength and resources of the Govern-  
ment sustained by the Democracy, but only  
for the restoration of the Union as it was and  
the Constitution as it is, and when these ob-  
jects were attained, that the war should cease.  
Behold the hand writing on the wall,  
which tell them that the days of the reign  
of their power are numbered, they call us  
Secessionists. The thousands of our Demo-  
cratic brothers who are fighting to-day by  
the side of the bronzed and begrimed can-  
non, with rifles and swords in their hands,  
for the cause of a betrayed Union, and a  
violated Constitution; the thousands of the  
sleeping, unknown Democratic heroes that  
unmanned the banks of the great Southern  
rivers, in the everglades, on the plains and  
valleys and on the extended seacoast, answer  
the charge. They call us the peace party.—  
It is a war party to restore the Union—to  
maintain the authority of the Constitution  
and make the laws respected. Whenever  
the people of the South throw down their  
arms, and desire to return to the Union, the  
Democratic party will be a peace party.—  
That prayer will be made by them, and that  
prayer will be granted unto them when the  
Democratic party, by her elected Represen-  
tative, ascends to the seats of power [Cheers.]

We must crush this party or it will crush  
us and the Union. It is an aggressive and  
despotic party. Permit them to go on in  
their fanatical, insane and despotic policy,  
and the results which they will present of  
that policy will be, if the forms of a Union  
be restored, one-half of it a howling wilder-  
ness, and the other half ruined by their cor-  
ruption and profligacy, or a Northern con-  
federacy. Think not that there will be peace  
or freedom. This party will find some other  
subject of agitation to feed on. In may be  
against the church in which you prefer to  
worship your God, or the country where you  
were born. And with this party supreme in  
power, after having crushed out the Demo-  
cratic element and its spirit, the despotism  
under which we now live will be the essence  
of freedom in comparison to those privileges  
we will then be allowed to enjoy. We may  
have then a Red, instead of a Black Republi-  
can era. On the other hand, with the res-  
toration of that old Democratic party to  
power, whose history was that of the coun-  
try in the days of her peace, prosperity and  
strength, we commence a new national ad-  
vance, equalling, if not surpassing that of  
the last three-quarters of a century, with an  
other era of prosperity succeeding this era of  
the present—and enjoying what at least will

be a full recompense for the laborious cam-  
paign into which we have entered to-night,  
and what we do not now enjoy, the blessing  
of law, order, and civil and social liberty.  
[Great applause.]

A DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED.—Can  
anybody tell why, when Eve was manufac-  
tured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl  
wasn't made at the same time to wait on  
her?

We can't! Because Adam never came  
whinnying to Eve with a ragged stocking to  
be darned, a collar string to be sewed, or a  
glove to be mended, 'right away, quick, now!  
Because he never read the newspapers until  
the sun had got down behind the palm trees  
and stretched himself, yawning out.

'Ain't supper most ready, my dear?'  
Not he. He made the fire and hung over  
the kettle himself. If we'll venture and pulled  
the radishes and peeled the bananas and did  
everything else he ought to do! He milked  
the cows and fed the chickens, and looked  
after the pigs himself. He never brought  
half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve  
hadn't any promegranates, and the matro  
season was over! He never stayed till eleven  
o'clock to a war meeting hurrahing for the  
out candidate, and then sold because  
he was crying inside the gates. To be  
sure, he acted rather cowardly about ap-  
ple gathering time, but that don't depreciate  
his helpfulness about the garden! He never  
played billiards, or drove fast horses, or  
choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never  
barged around the groceries while solitary  
Eve was rocking little Cane's cradle at home.  
In short he did not think she was especially  
created for the purpose of waiting on him,  
and wasn't under the impression that it dis-  
graced a man to lighten his wife's cares a  
little.

That's the reason that Eve did not need a  
hired girl, and we wish it was the reason  
none of her far descendants did!

AN ENGINE AND TRAIN OF CARS THROWN  
OFF THE TRACK BY A REBEL BULL.—Last  
week, as an engine, with twelve empty stock  
cars was coming up the North Missouri  
Railroad near Florence, an infuriated bull  
disrupted its passage by getting on the track  
and throwing up the dirt with his feet in a  
furious manner. The breaks were whistled  
on, and the train stopped, but all to no  
purpose, as the bull obstinately maintained  
his ground, as if determined to dispute ev-  
ery inch of the track.

The engineer started the train again,  
thinking that the obstinate animal would  
certainly give way to the iron horse; but in  
this he was mistaken. The bull lowered  
head and slowly advanced for the contest.  
The train was running so slow, that, instead  
of knocking the infuriated animal off of the  
track, as it would have done in full speed,  
it ran up on it. The consequence was the  
engine and entire train was thrown from the  
track and entirely destroyed, involving a  
loss to the company of between \$20,000 and  
\$25,000! A rather dear "bull fight."

### Stonewall Jackson Administers the Sacrament.

On the morning of a recent battle near  
Harper's Ferry, after a sermon by one of his  
chaplains, Stonewall Jackson, who, by the  
way is an elder in the Presbyterian Church,  
administered the sacrament to the church  
members in his army. He invited all Chris-  
tians to participate in this ceremony. A  
Baptist, the straightest of his sect, thoroughly  
imbued with the idea of close communion,  
was seen to hesitate; but the occasion, and  
the man who presided overcame his scruples,  
and thus it has happened that the prospect  
of a fight and the eloquence of Jackson  
made a Baptist forget that baptism is the  
door into the Church. In all Jackson's army  
an oath is rarely uttered. A religious  
enthusiasm pervades it which makes every  
man a hero. Conscious of the justice of our  
cause, and imbued with the strongest con-  
viction of patriotism, his men are irresistible.  
In this incident we have an explanation of  
General Jackson's invincibility, and we are  
thus enabled to understand why his men  
are all heroes, and why they endure without  
a murmur the severest hardships to which  
any troops have been subjected during the  
war. When peace is restored, it will be  
honored enough for any man to say, "I be-  
longed to the army of Stonewall Jackson."  
Knoxville (Tenn.) Register.

HOW A MODEST MAN WAS MISTAKEN.—The  
Syracuse Standard says: In Lowell, at a  
lecture, a few evenings since, a gentleman,  
the modest man of his sex, and no less po-  
lite than modest was sitting in a pew rather  
remote from the light. A pretty lady sat  
next to him. Looking on the floor during  
the lecture, he espied what he thought was  
the lady's handkerchief, the lace trimme-  
d edge just visible from under her dress.  
Turning to his pew mate he gallantly whis-  
pered, "You've dropped your handkerchief  
madam!" and before she could reply he  
proceeded to pick it up. Horror! he had  
seized the edge of her pet-skirt, and did  
not discover his mistake until the top of a  
gaiter boot stared him in the face, and the  
faint sound of a laugh just nipped in the  
bud by the application of a real handker-  
chief, warned him of his mistake. Moral—  
Don't attempt to pick up anything with  
lace to it before you know what it is.

Q.—Beautiful is old age, beautiful as the  
slow drooping mellow autumn of a rich glo-  
rious summer. In the old man nature has  
fulfilled her work; she loads him with the  
fruits of a well-spent life; surrounded by  
his children, she rocks him away softly to  
the grave, to which he is followed by bless-  
ings. There is another life, hard, rough,  
and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and  
aching brow; a battle which no peace fol-  
lows this side of the grave; which the grave  
grasps before the victory is won; and strange  
that it should be—this is the highest life  
of man. Look back along the great names  
of history; there is none whose life is better  
than this.—Westminster Review.

Q.—If the medical dogma is true that "like  
cures like," the bite of a cat should be treated  
with cat-nip.

From the Dubuque (Iowa) Herald, Oct. 28.  
A General System of Plunder in Curtis'  
Army—Disgraceful Developments.

We call attention to the extract given be-  
low from a letter written by a soldier in the  
army of the South-west, in regard to the  
complicity of army officers in cotton specu-  
lations and robberies. The letter was writ-  
ten by a young man to his sister, now a resi-  
dent of an adjoining town, and was not in-  
tended for publication. We have been per-  
mitted to make it public, however, and do  
so on the assurance that every word is true.

NINE MILES BELOW HELENY.  
September 28, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND: We are yet under march-  
ing orders. This morning we exchanged all  
of the canister shot for solid shot, which  
implies that we have got some wall to batter  
down somewhere.

"Last night our forces burned another lit-  
tle town just on the opposite side from  
yesterday we took a transport and went down  
the river about eighty miles to get some cot-  
ton. You must understand that we confis-  
cate all property which belongs to rebels in  
arms and whose sentiments are antagonistic  
to this Government, and that we have now in  
camp not far from two thousand negroes,  
contrabands of war—persons whom we use  
to get (or rather steal) cotton with, and of  
which cotton Uncle Sam never gets a pound.

"Our camp is always thronged with cot-  
ton speculators, who seem to be very social  
and intimate with our officers. Well, to our  
trip down the river: The crew consisted of  
two companies of the Thirty-third Illinois,  
and one section of Captain Schofield's bat-  
tery, twenty-five negroes, and a man who  
made himself very conspicuous after we  
were out of sight of the camp, and who  
afterwards proved to be the overseer of a  
rebel planter, whose son is a Captain in the  
Confederate Army. This overseer was on  
board of this Government transport, who af-  
ter we steamed in sight of the rebel pickets  
disembarked, went to the picket guard, and  
in half an hour returned, when our boat re-  
sumed its journey and passed without being  
fired upon. Extraordinary, wasn't it? In  
an hour we landed at a plantation landing,  
where we took aboard twenty-seven bales  
of cotton. After this was done, and the  
cotton securely stowed away, the overseer  
and the Captain of the transport chained  
fifteen of the negroes together, when the  
overseer, thoroughly armed, drove them  
away. Next morning our boat was hailed  
by two negroes. Of course we took them  
aboard, for negroes are contraband of war.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.  
Political Abolitionism.—The Evils of Its  
Success Predicted.

The Tribune office, New York, has been  
noted for its energy in getting up and pub-  
lishing political pamphlets. Indeed, it is  
great on such instruments for enlightening  
the public mind, and issues them in num-  
bers innumerable. In 1844, when the can-  
didate of the Tribune for President was Mr.  
CLAY, a campaign tract was issued by Gree-  
ley & McElrath, signed JUNIUS, from which  
we make the following extract:

"We are not fond of alarming topics, nor  
disposed to excite unnecessary anxiety.—  
But the evils of Political Abolition, rising up  
in the North, must be faced, and the conse-  
quences it tends to must be considered.—  
However averse the people of the free States  
may be to slavery (and we believe they are  
almost universally so), yet we can not but  
feel that this remedy of Political Abolition is  
worse than the disease, first, because the rudeness  
and violence of the treatment only ag-  
gravate it; and next, because they fear that  
the medicine, if administered as proposed,  
will kill both patient and the doctor. A dis-  
solution of the Union would be as cer-  
tain as any effect of moral cause that can  
be reasoned on. Nor is it likely that this  
would be the end. The political asperities  
and exasperations that would grow out of  
such a conflict, would themselves naturally  
be breeders of other convulsions; and it would  
not be strange if some CHIEFTAIN or chief-  
tains should rise up in the struggle, to make  
slaves of all freemen, and bind in stronger  
chains those whom, by such means, it is pro-  
posed to set free.

"We are a family of States, bound to-  
gether by a covenant solemnly ratified,  
which prescribes the rights of each. In  
this family, concord is beautiful; but family  
quarrels are the worst of all. Look at Spain.  
Will any one say that such a movement as the  
POLITICAL ABOLITION OF THE NORTH, does not  
put in jeopardy the peace of this Union, AND  
THE UNION ITSELF? And can any human  
foretell tell what scenes of strife it is likely  
to produce, if it should be encouraged to pass  
on its way toward the supreme power of the  
nation, which is its avowed aim?"

Political Abolition obtained the ascenden-  
cy in the North in 1860, and the conse-  
quences, as foretold by the Tribune tract of  
1844, are now in part the country, in fearful  
and desolating certainty and magnitude; and  
the future may realize the prediction in all  
its fullness.

BAD LUCK.—A wooden-legged amateur  
happened to be with a skirmishing party  
late, when a shell burst near him, smash-  
ing his artificial limb to bits, and sending a  
piece of iron through the calf of a soldier  
near him. The soldier 'grinned and bore it'  
like a man, while the amateur was loud and  
emphatic in his lamentations. Being re-  
buked by the wounded soldier, he replied,  
'Oh, yes; it's all well enough for you to bear  
it. Your leg didn't cost anything, and will  
heal up; but I paid \$200 cash for mine.'

A large lumber dealer, at Gardner, fell  
into the river, and was in danger of drown-  
ing. Efforts were immediately made to res-  
cue him by floating boards from a pile on  
the wharf. The drowning man, seeing that  
the boards came from his own pile, cried  
out to the men to 'pick for the wane edge  
pieces.'

From the New York Sunday Mercury.  
The New Belief.

Without comment, we publish the follow-  
ing devout production, coming to our table  
from a devotee in the city churches. That  
there is considerable human nature in it, so-  
body can deny.

THE ABRAHAM LAUDAMUS.

We praise thee, O Abel! We acknowledge  
thee to be sound on the goose.  
All Yankee-land doth worship thee, ever  
lasting old joker.

To thee all office-seekers cry aloud, 'Flun-  
kerdom!' and all the powers therein.  
To thee, Stanton and Welles continually  
do cry, 'Bully, bully, bully boy with a glass  
eye.'

Washington and Illinois are full of thy  
majesty and thy praise.  
The glorious company of Political Gene-  
rals praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of Postmasters  
praise thee.  
The noble army of contractors praise thee.  
The mighty Republican institutions  
throughout all Columbia do acknowledge  
thee.

'The father of infinite proclamations, thine  
admirable, true, and only policy.  
Also Brevet Lieutenant General Winfield  
Scott, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of rail-splitters, O Abel!  
Thou art the everlasting son of the late  
Mr. Lincoln.

When thou lookest upon thee to run for  
the Presidency and deliver the Union, thou  
didst humble thyself to stand upon the 'Chi-  
cago Platform.'

When thou didst overcome the sharpness  
of election, thou didst open the White House  
kitchen to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of 'Uncle  
Sam in the glory of the Capitol.'

We believe that thou shalt not come to be  
re-elected.

Nevertheless we pray thee help thy ser-  
vants whom thou hast kept from 'Jeff Dav-  
is' and 'Foreign Intervention.' Make us  
to be remembered with thy favorites in office  
everlasting.

O Abel! Save thy people and bless thy  
parasites! Govern them and increase their  
salaries forever!

Day by day we puff thee.  
And we exalt thy name forever in the  
daily papers.

Vouchsafe, O Abel! to keep us this day  
without change of Generals!

O Abel! have mercy on the Army of the  
Potomac!

O Abel! let thy mercy be upon us, as our  
trust is not, in Stanton.

O Abel! for the have I voted, let me never  
be drafted!

THE CONTRABANDS.—Now that the weather  
is growing cool, the question naturally arises,  
what is to become of the numerous contrabands  
in Washington and vicinity this winter?  
Will the poor wretches be permitted  
to starve or freeze to death, or will the Gov-  
ernment undertake to support and provide  
for them? Their present condition, even  
before cold weather has set in, is miserable  
and abject in the extreme. What is like-  
ly to be a couple of months hence, it is not  
difficult to imagine. Hundreds of the con-  
trabands here have had already, quite en-  
ough of liberty and Abolition philanthropy.  
They would gladly return now to their  
masters and mistresses, but they have no  
power to do so, and, indeed, are not permitted  
any opportunity to carry such desire into ef-  
fect. This morning about negro, rigged up  
in cast off army clothing, came to a door  
where I was standing and entreated to be  
given a job—anything by which he could  
earn a meal of victuals. I questioned this  
man and found he was from Fredericksburg,  
having belonged to a well known day of that  
town. Jerry (the negro) had for several  
years hired his time from his mistress, and  
was getting along very well as a caterer. In  
an evil hour he determined to turn 'contraband,'  
and came to Washington, bringing a  
hundred dollars in silver, his savings. 'This  
hard earned money is now all gone, and  
Jerry himself, sadly out at elbows and toes,  
humbly begs a little employment at sawing  
wood to postpone starvation. He is very re-  
pentant and anxious to 'go home,' but, ac-  
cording to his own statement, is not allowed  
to do so. He may rot among the philan-  
thropic Abolitionists, but can not be per-  
mitted to return to slavery.' This is one in-  
stance out of many which have fallen under  
my observation, and of thousands which un-  
doubtedly exist in this city. What have  
the Abolition fanatics to say to it? What  
remedy do they expect others to apply?—  
Washington Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.